

Buffalo, Dec. 15, 1865.

My dear Gray:

I have a demand to make upon you. I have intreated more than once. I have used kind soft words; I have thrown tufts of grass at you: and now I don't dare to throw stones. I'll not write it, at once. There's no use in argument. *Verbum Sapientis* &c. But, if that be sapiens be an obstinate, lazy —! Well, I can't believe anything of the kind of Gray. So, here goes!

You use it to your own reputation — to your friends — to Science, which demands the repression of false pretension — that you should publish

new edition of the Manual. All
your friends desire it. The occasion
is ripe. You have all the matter
in hand, or easily at your
command. You can now
make that book nearly
perfect.

I will add that I see
no reason why you should
not cover all the United
States, if not all North
America.

I retreat! I retire!

Yours ever,

G. W. Whitman.

Asa Gray.